The Sometimes True History of Alan Watt : Real and Invented Tales As Told to Me By My Closest and Dearest Friend

"No Great Mind Has Ever Existed Without a Touch of Madness." -Aristotle

Alan Watt was born on the surface of the Bannockburn, Scotland son of a miner, grandson of the miner. Post World War II Scotland was still a world from another century, with ever present reminders of the past. An aurora borealis magical horizon was silhouetted by great stone castles and forts, standing stones in the fields, and highland ghosts of Wallace and the Bruce reenacting lost battles in the mist. Beneath those green fields, carved deep underground, was a rabbit's warren of coal tunnels, cutting a matrix of great halls, passages, and rooms. A seen world above, and a secret, complicated, unseen world below. It was a world with filled radio waves streaming sounds of the future from distant shores, and grandmothers on the stoop spinning wool, telling mystical tales of little people and second sight. A world in transition.

This world of the Bannockburn Coal Mines had Owners. It's heads were a myriad of directors and experts who planned the direction of future excavations and held maps of the existing tunnels. The planners drafted not just the paths to and through the seams, but a directed a closed hierarchical system of society. The miners earned just enough to pay for food and board, with an occasional holiday, but no more. There was no way out of Plato's Cave into the light. The miners only had each other and their families to fight for their rights and survival. When the alarms sounded from the mines, ringing through the community, through the schoolyards, everyone prayed it wasn't their father or brother or beau in the collapse. Alan understood the greater world as being run just as the mines. As a small boy resolved that he would never break his back, being a miner.

Alan's family's first home was a squalid tenement row house, a remnant of the 1800s, damp plaster and stone, full of mold. As a small child, Alan was struck with scarlet fever, or rather rheumatic fever, which would haunt him for the rest of his life. He recalled slipping in and out of consciousness, hallucinating, sweating, writing in pain. A doctor was called to the house, hovering over the boy, his crying mother, saying, "He will not live through the night." Alan too ill to speak heard him and cursed them over and over in his head, "Damn, you, I'm going to live. I'm going to live. I'm going to live." They believed him almost dead for a time through that long night, but he did live. He lived, changed.

Alan's father's family claimed descent from the steam engine of Scotland, inventor James Watt. Whatever fortune once associated with the name was squandered long ago with bad investments and poor politics. The only remnants of the great man held were left on scraps of papers letters relating to the Lunar Society, held in the drawers of old aunties.

I think the paternal Watt grandfather was a known berserker. He was a prop drawer, the man who knocked out the supports when the tunnels were to be collapsed. It was the best pay for a man in the mines, far better than a hewer or stower. He was fearless. And he was dangerous. The other men were scared to be on a crew with him, too reckless. As a boy, well below the age of enlisting this grandfather had joined up for the Great War, to escape being a hewer with his burrow the coal dust. He loved the adventure of being overseas, and grew more than a foot, having access to canned meat and real food for the first time. He joined up again for the Second War with his sons, in search of adventure again. He spent a long time in North Africa, too long, and there was something

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strange about him. As a boy, Alan overheard one of his uncles and his grandfather reminiscing of their war days, finding they had enjoyed best the same fat whore in France and laughed.

The other, maternal grandfather had joined the Irish supporting the IRA during WWII. Alan condemned his efforts. As an adult, Alan visited and played music in Northern Ireland during the Troubles. Accompanying an Irish friend into corner shop for cigarettes, he recalled a gang of IRA thugs coming in and pressing the shopkeeper for cash with the threat of violence, just like the mafia. Alan saw the British government in London as running both sides, and the citizens as the victims. He disdained the Orange Men as well, and their parades condemning the Catholics.

Alan was a second child, with an older sister who resented sharing the scraps that the young family lived on. His sister tormented him. He had a budgie that he loved very much, and kept in a cage, letting him fly loose in his room. His sister, angry with him one day purposefully opened the window and let the bird loose to fly outdoors. He never saw the bird again, and believed it attacked and killed by other, predator birds. He forever thought her selfish, hard, and mean and the two never got along.

Canaries were still used in Scotland's coal mines, jolly little yellow sprites, who sang their sweet songs in the dark. When they fell silent, the men fled, knowing there was a gas pocket and death ahead. Alan could whistle and mimic different bird songs and calls with an amazing accuracy. But more amazing was his ability to create harmonies to these melodies and shape full songs from them. Little symphonies of whistling.

Alan's mother worked as a maid in a wealthy household for a time, to supplement the family's modest income. When Alan's musical abilities were noticed by her employer, he was allowed into the home to learn a play the piano and the large conservatory pedal Harp. Whoever this man was, he was an early patron, and I believe brought Alan's exceptional talents and intelligence to the attention of others.

The miners were great singers themselves, with choirs of men who traveled performed. Alan's father had a great tenor voice, and had hoped to have a career in his youth. He sang in the miner's choir and played the trumpet with a miner's band. As a toddler, Alan took his father's golden trumpet, and went missing on a journey, wandering miles and miles away, with half the town searching for him. He wanted a trumpet of his own. When he was found, and returned he was eventually given a toy trumpet, but it was no substitute for the real one.

Alan always loved animals. As a very tiny boy, home alone on a rainy day, Alan heard a scratching at the front door. He opened it to find a very wet raven. He invited the bird in to share the fireside, and it hopped in and to Alan's delight, sat with him by the fire, warming itself. After his feathers had dried the boy watch him puff himself out, only in great dismay to notice tiny mites crawling all over him. "Oh, No. I'm afraid you must go." He opened the window, and the bird cordially obliged, and left.

By the time his family could afford a secondhand black and white TV, he had his own Hammy the Hamster, named from Tales from the Riverbank. He would feed the cart horses apples whenever he could manage to get one from his earnings. He helped a local farmer muck barns for a time, to earn

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money for the candy shop, and would go out and pet the gentle Red Highland Cattle with their long bangs, who he especially loved.

But Alan's greatest love was always for dogs. He longed for a dog. He and his cousin found a half drowned pup someone had tied in a bag, which he swam out to retrieve. He brought the dog home, and begged to keep it. His parents took the dog away, to a pound, where he believed it was killed, and he resented that his whole life. As an adult, whenever he could Alan always kept and held a special, loyal love and bond with a dog.

Alan's mother hated the family's poverty, and would harangue his father coming in from the pits stinking, covered in dust, "I could have married a dentist." She instilled the sentiment in his sister, who grew up to be beautiful and willful, he said favoring the actress Nicole Kidman. His sister became the mistress of a well known Lord, who reveled in pissing on the people below from his helicopter. When she married, she treated her first husband with the same disdain. The second husband, a Catholic with a stern hand took no disrespect from her, and she worshipped him, meek as a lamb. Alan would take no disrespect from a woman, and always thought it imperative to be the leader, to not show weakness, or you would be despised.

Another of Alan's mothers jobs as a boy was as a ticket taker at a local matinee theater. Alan would join her, and watch the double features for free. He particularly loved the science fiction and alien movies. He particualarly remembered *Invaders from Mars* with it's buried UFOs and mind control crystals planted into the base of the victims skulls. This predictive programming idea, of the 'brain chip' stuck with Alan, who watched it's evolution to a potential reality. He was also a fan of the Quartermass series.

Alan had a series of events in his life that he said, he would file away in a box or drawer as unexplained. He seldom shared them, because he realized people would think him mad. He'd say, I know this happened, but I cannot explain it. As a boy, he claimed to be approached by something or someone akin to a Grey. He said the thing was wearing a trench coat and a hat, but was featureless. He claimed the Grey scanned his mind, reading his thoughts. he shared the experience with his horrified mother. As an adult he did not know what to make of it, searching for an answer. Was it an alien? Was it a demon? Was it one of the many fairie creatures of myth? Was it a government experiment? But he did not believe it was his imagination, inspired by the many matinee films.

When he as a bit older, Alan's family moved into a council house, which was clean and healthy. When he spoke of his early school days, before the sexes were separated, he always remembered a pale pretty, frail little blonde girl who was introduced to the class, who sat behind him. So very nice. So kind. She had leukumia. He always made a special effort to help her, and seemed to have a special love in his heart for her. One day she never came back.

At school, it was noticed that Alan was unusually intelligent for his age. He had no great love for school though, and would run play truent whenever possible. He had hiding places, a giant hollowed out tree he would reside in like a medieval monk. He would read books inside, and when it was safe from being captured, climb up into it's great branches. He loved to wander down streams and linger beneath bridges. An uncle had taught him to guddle fish, rubbing the trout's belly to scoop him up, and Alan would light a fire and make his lunch of him. He'd search for nests of goose eggs on the

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edge of streams to eat as well. He loved to wander and explore, walking alone up the long winding roads into the countryside.

Alan had two elderly maiden aunties who he would visit, in their antique lace, part of the Watt family, with a connection to Ireland. They were Catholic and had lost their sweethearts in the First Great War. In Scotland, villages had lost entire generations of young men in the War. The aunties never married after losing their loves. When he'd leave them, they'd always say, "We love you and wish you in heaven, even though you're not Catholic."

There was a pond where Alan liked to sit as a boy and watch the swans. He romanticized swans mating for life, and would watch the pairs. He claimed that after one of the swan's mates had died, and he had witnessed a true swan dive there, where the widowed bird dived down and broke it's own neck on the water.

He had many romanticized notions, and claimed that he began writing poems and songs, very young, which he first submitted and sold the rights to. He was paid a flat fee, which to him was a fortune at the time. The first he claimed became a well known Peter, Paul, and Mary song about the marriage of souls. I have no way of knowing if any of this is really true, but it was certainly true to him in his mind.

As a boy, one of Alan's other great joys was to somehow acquire a pence and go to the Candy Store. The Candy Store was run by an old woman, with shelves full of great glass jars filled with bright, striped and wrappered delight. His greatest glory was peppermint humbugs. There was also a candy manufacturer, where the workers would from time to time throw candy over a back wall for the children to enjoy. The children would lie in wait and rush to collect their sweets and toffees in unbridled joy. As a teenager Alan equated pretty girls in their short skirts and colorful Carnaby Street clothes with the Candy Store.

Always exploring as a boy, Alan and a cousin found an tunnel that was an escape passage from Stirling Castle, previously unknown. Inside they found the remains of a dead soldier of King James era, armor and weapons. He said the story was featured in a local paper at the time, and the find carted away to a museum. He became fascinated with these rat holes that ran to and from the castle for miles, to secret people in and out unknown. How many centuries in the past had people carved these hidden, underground worlds, so like the mines? The early Christians with their underground churches? The Greeks and their cave temples? The Turks and Derinkuyu, waiting out Armageddon?

Alan had a boyhood friend who he called "The Mad Irishman." He was an anarchic red haired sprite who took delight in mayhem, always with a guffawing laugh. Together they would build soapbox racing cars to speed down the highest highland hill they could drag it up. The Mad Irishman once set up a ramp for the soapbox racer and was rolling on the ground laughing when Alan went flying over it and into a wall, smash.

On one of their meanderings, searching for parts, the two came across a group of drunken Gypsy Tinkers. They were gathered around a fire, whiskey in hand. They were not the romantic gypsies of legend, but foul and stinking and violent, two men and a woman. One of the men violently attacked the woman, beating in her head. They watched the attack and ran away and reported it to the police in hopes of saving the woman.

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The police of Alan's childhood were bobbies, no guns. They didn't have the menacing aspect of today. Their cars were blue and white. While sometimes bullies joined their ranks, the officers of that era were generally more helpful, but one thing they had in common were they were all Masons, the checkerboard advertised on their hats.

One of Alan's grandfathers, had been a High Mason, and a head in the coal miner's union. At a certain point, the grandfather decried it all as a con, and understood himself to be manipulated to influence the men and used, and walked away from it. Some of his Alan's uncles, who served in the Royal Air Force, were Masons as well.

Alan's own fascination with Freemasonry came as a small boy. When attending some sort of jubilee, one of his uncle's held him up to a keyhole and he was allowed to peer into one of the Mason's halls. He saw the black and white tessellated floor, Jacob's ladder to nowhere, the all seeing eye, costumes and grandeur. These mysterious symbols and the question of what they meant stuck with him.

When at elementary school, men came from England to speak with his parents about his intelligence, and taking him away for schooling. His parents would not consent to England, but it was agreed that he would be moved to a more advanced school in Scotland, where he would live with another family. Alan's family struggled for him to afford school clothes and the clothes he wore were secondhand. He recalled the secondhand hobnail shoes we wore, resoled and resold.

As a boy he had to work to pay for his board with these other families. He recalled carrying heavy bags of coal and his aching back as a boy. He worked inside some ancient textile stone mill, weaving, and despised it's crumbling walls and drudgery. He worked in a grocery for a butcher he despised, who would sell wretched meat. Alan had no special love for these 'adopted' families and rather seemed to despise the way he was treated by some. His stories reminded me of David Copperfield and the Blacking Factory.

This situation created a distance between Alan and and his blood family. When he returned home, he bunked in the same room as his father, his parents no longer sharing a bed. Alan's father was bewildered by the boy. While Alan's father was trying a learn from home course to repair TVs, the boy succeeded without effort, while the father struggled.

Alan repaired and loved radios as well, particularly shortwave radios. He would stay up late, listening to broadcasts from around the world, coming to understand the radio as a voice of political propaganda, be it the BBC or Radio Free Europe or the USSR and the Voice of Moscow. He became interested in radio signals, crystal radios, jamming, and all the elements that would begin to shape the technetronic society.

Alan had a natural aptitude for building with his hands. He rebuilt cars, motorcycles, and engines. He would dream about how to fix machinery. How the pieces fit together. What was wrong. His brain constantly processing, he had a clearer idea of how to proceed after a night's dreams.

He also built guitars. He claimed to have built a Combolin Lyre for the Scottish folk duo, the Corries, who he admired as musicians, men, and nationalists. He said he had helped create some of their musical arrangements, under a pseudonym with the initials of WA, rather than AW.

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As a small boy, one of Alan's teachers began giving him the Biggles books series with their colorful jackets and tales of high adventure and the RFC. Alan would read them and then pass them on to other boys to read. As soon as he was qualification age, he joined the the Scottish cadet program, program Army Cadet Force (ACF)and Air Training Corps (ATC). He trained and enjoyed it throughly, hiking through the Grampians, learning basic survival skills, camping, and flying gliders. Alan loved running and physical tests. He would constantly test himself how he could improve, grow stronger, climb higher, do better and achieve.

Alan was smaller and younger than some of his new classmates. He began studying karate for self defense. The dojo was in an old stone building with a set of winding stairs. Alan claimed the building was haunted, and a cold wind of a resident ghost would pass him and his trainer on the stair. After years of study, he became a black belt, and was confident in his ability to subdue or disarm anyone, even in his later years.

Alan once told me a story of how he gave advice to a fellow pupil, a small boy who was bullied to the extent where his life was in danger. He had advised the boy to set up a trap involving a rope and a tree, noosing and strangling the aggressor. He said the harassed boy was successful, and that the predator had been strangled to the point of being hospitalized with brain damage. There was no satisfaction or regret in Alan's voice. I often thought the story was about himself, as he often used the phrase, "What do you do with a Mad Dog?"

After elementary school, the sexes were separated. Alan attended a boys school. He noticed a perversion in some of the headmasters early on, men taking too much pleasure in spanking the boys. He stood up to one of them, grabbed the paddle from his hand when he was beating another, and reported the teacher. He continued to be truant, and spent a good deal of time in old libraries, reading.

One of the few times the boys and girls would mix would be at Kalee dances. Everyone knew the jig steps and would enjoy a lively evening with musicians playing all the old standards, fiddles and mandolins and guitars bouncing. Alan always joke about picking up one of his first girlfriends, in a pink candy store wrapper. Her granny was sitting in the living room, and when the girl came down, granny said, "You can't go out in your nightie!"

One of Alan's first guitars was a loud, clear-toned plywood guitar made in West Germany. He had saved his earnings to buy it. He practiced endlessly, until playing was as natural as talking. He had a music teacher who had him first perform for rough and ready miners at a Scottish music hall. He always recounted being in the dressing room, getting ready to perform and being met by a beautiful dancing girl, stark naked, putting on her scanty costume. She smiled and showed her wares. Another student, a girl dancer, did not fare well in front of the crowd, her nerves giving way. Alan quickly got the swing of the folk songs that would get the place roaring, and loved the feeling of being in front of the crowd. There was nothing like performing.

When a youthful Alan began playing these halls, he was always a bit shocked and dismayed by the women. They were not the delicate graceful creatures of his imagination. They drank, spoke crudely and in an openly sexual way, recounting their own conquests. They were coarse and worse than the men. Even as an adult, when a vibrator fell from a lady singer's purse and she joked, Alan was filled with revulsion.

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This duality was hard for him to process. One of Alan's mother's best friends was a beautiful woman, lovely, fashionable clothes, styled hair, perfect makeup, with nice legs. She had a husband, but she would just take off, disappear to London with stranger for long periods of time. The husband would always take her back. Alan thought she was a troubled soul. He was captivated by her.

Alan used to play and practice with an old miner who played Hawaiian guitar. The man was crippled from the years of labor, but could make the steel guitar lap instrument sing. Alan would meet and practice with him regularly. He hated the miner's wife, who made no secret of the invalid being a burden to her. When the old miner died the widow was a constant fixture spending the pension at the bingo parlor.

Alan claimed he had studied to be a doctor, a sort of Doogie Howser, and that he had completed training and performed surgeries. He described one of his favorite professors, and how to gather all the facts of making a diagnosis, in a Sherlock Holmes deductive logic way. He also talked about the slop bucket that aborted babies were thrown into on Wednesday studies, and how one of his Catholic friends walked away from practice because of it. He had an extensive knowledge of the human anatomy, all sorts of ailments and understood the human body like a mechanic, all the functions and links parts and pieces. He could immediately refer to anatomy in the correct Latin terminology. He would talk about being trained in bedside manner to assert authority. He would site and read The Lancet. He talked about studying with a doctor who giving daily B12 shots to the elderly had reversed dementia, but the treatments were stopped, cited as too expensive. Whether Alan actually completed this training or practiced as a doctor with papers and degrees, beyond residency I do not know.

Alan would sometimes talk about how a man on a soap box wearing rags could speak the truth, but would never have the public's regard as the slick lying politician in a fine suit would.

I believe it true that Alan was qualified as a Registered Mental Nurse, as a source online contributed.

Alan did work at Belsdyke Hospital in Scotland. He considered the Stirling Lunatic Asylum one of the triumphs of the NHS system, a safe-haven for the mad from the world, and the world from the mad. There were mens and womens wards, with hospital grounds for the patients. He told me it was as an intake doctor. A young man was brought in raving like a lunatic, with no history of mental illness. Alan checked him over to discover a small bite on his foot, and deducted it was rat bite fever induced hallucinations, and not lunacy, and was right.

He would tell me about the patients. One was an older man, an established author, very intelligent, but clinically, deeply depressed, a voluntary admission. He slit his throat while at the hospital. Alan stitched him back together in an emergency operation. A few months later he slit his throat again and died.

There was a young man who helped keep the grounds that lived in a trailer or caravan who Alan would check in on. Long, hippie hair, he was an incredibly talented artist, who could draw anything with photographic detail. He was also incurable schizophrenic, probably drug induced. Alan talked about how some of the LSD users never coming back from the brink, and how even marijuana in certain rare individuals could induce schizophrenia.

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One of Alan's good friends, another musician had gone crazy from LSD. Alan had tried to talk him off a roof, balancing, trying to reach up and pluck down the moon. When he was institutionalized, and Alan would visit him, trying to glimpse the person he had known.

There were catatonics.

And there were also the possessed. These patients were beyond madness, something else moving through them, something cunning, something dark. In that box of the unexplained, he put an incident of a patient who levitated above the hospital bed. When this man came in to see the psychiatrist, he luridly spewed out to everyone in the room what they had been doing, the secret, hidden things they had been doing. He described the psychiatrist's latest encounter with his best friend's wife. From the expression on the psychiatrist's face, Alan knew what it spoke was true. And the things these patients knew and said and did defied any rational explanation.

At the hospital, Alan was acquainted with an orderly, a Polish man who had lived through the War, orphaned, scurrying through the wreckage, living on dead horsemeat as a young boy. He told Alan he was going on vacation, and wanted to go down the river in a glass canoe so he could look at all the fish. He was found drowned, and Alan was considered the person closest to him to identify the body. When he saw him in the morgue, bloated and discolored, his eyes had been eaten away, and small crabs were still on the body. Alan couldn't eat crabs or bottom feeders after that.

Alan worked for a time in an STD clinic. He was disgusted by what came in. He had to remove a light bulb from a homosexual's asshole. If it had completely shattered, it would have shredded the man's rectum. After extraction, he held it up to the patient and said, "Not such a bright idea." That was Alan's sense of humor. He would see the same faces over and over, contracting the same infections or a combination of infections week after week. By the time AIDS rolled onto the scene, still a mystery at the time, Alan wanted nothing to do with any of it.

He told me a few stories of his doctoring days. He did house calls in the highlands and was taken out in a helicopter to some of the off shore rigs. He threw the medical bag in his three wheeled Robin Reliant. I always thought Alan's love of the *Sin Eater* film was related to his experiences making these house calls, alone, far up to remote crofts in the highlands, being bedside with the dying.

The NHS didn't pay like the for profit American system. Alan said like the Soviet Union, people who went into medicine did it because they wanted to help, not to make money. Alan said he walked away from being a doctor to pursue his greatest love, music.

Alan traveled Europe on a motorcycle. He loved motorcycles and had been working on bikes since he was a teenager. Honda, Japanese made, was his favorite. He had a motorcycle wreck in Norway on a very cold winter's night that he almost died from. He saw his mother standing there in front of him as he was freezing. That st His mother knew of his wreck already when she was informed, and said she'd seen the whole thing.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy...

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Alan grew to have a fascination with the occult, the hidden hand and spiritual phenomena. One of his uncle's had a woman on the coast. She and all her kin had the second sight and always knew when fisherman was lost at sea. It made his uncle uncomfortable until they finally split.

Alan's mother believed in all sorts of paranormal and supernatural entities. Her house was populated with ghosts who would walk down corridors, and open and shut doors. She claimed to have seen the little people with a teacup on a shelf. She claimed that as a toddler Alan had escaped death by a phenomena of bilocation. She and a neighbor had seen him in the path of an oncoming horses and carriage, and thought him trampled, only for him to appear happy and playing elsewhere. Her family had the second sight.

Alan believed at times that she herself was possessed. He claimed in her sleep she spoke in a strange dead Aramaic language. As a teenager Alan and a friend approached members of the Scottish Spiritualist Church about his mother. He was fascinated by the spiritualists, and claimed he saw on of the mediums take on a spirit with the aspects of his face change into another, as if a veil of another came across his face. Alan did not feel any kinship with the dour fire and brimstone Presbyterian Church of control and the Kirk. He saw nothing threatening in the channelers and their healing circles. He attended some of their meetings, with a burgeoning interest in Theosophy.

The Spirtualist movement had taken a foothold in Scotland after the devastating loss of World War I. After an entire generation of young men wiped out, survivors desperately wanted to speak with the lost dead, so abruptly and senselessly gone. While channeling was condemned as witchcraft by the Presbyterian Church, it was very natural to an older Druidic/Celtic culture of shamanism that still spoke in remnants of Scots and Gaelic. Spiritualism had a renewed vigor with the "New Age" cults and religions like Findhorn, which Alan recognized in the Masonic New Age magazine distributed to his uncles.

Alan loved to read Arthur Conan Doyle, a fellow Scot and great supporter of the Spiritualist movement. While he approached it all with scepticism, he believed in the reality of the two worlds. He started to read the Kabballah, Grimoires, Blavatsky, Manley P. Hall, Jung, John Dee, any text that claimed to have secret knowledge.

Alan was a stargazer. He became interested in the Mystery Religions, and specifically the one Mystery Religion that linked them all. Texts that were published as "secret knowledge" for the common Freemason, like the Kybalion, referenced the Hermetic religion of Hermes Trismegistos as the conveyor of magic, scientific and mathematical knowledge through the centuries. It was my understanding from conversation that this religion, a template for priests of ancient Egypt, Pythagorianism, Platonic philosphy were the remnants, conveyance of gathered knowledge from survivors of a previous, world wide antediluvian civilization, from before the Indian vedas. Myths of Atlantis, a world now under the sea, were vestiges of this. It was a culture that left standing stones across the world. It was a culture that shared the same astronomy, seafaring symbols, stories of animals and gods in the sky. Alan talked about the Indus Valley Civilzation, Mohenjo-daro and Harappa and suggestions of a civilization with vitrified brick suggesting nuclear power, citing refences to advanced weaponry in the Vedas and the Bhagavad-Gita Book of Drona. Alan's beliefs regarding civilization, and previous ages very much aligned with what Graham Hancock has brought to light in his extensive investigations. Alan talked about the priests of ancient Egypt and Greece having contact and training in India, not just trade, but training. Much later, the hierarchical system of the British Freemason and the Hindu worked well together, having originally the same origin.

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Plato's Republic was a model of the Mystery Religion society, the ultimate goal, the Mason's and Zion's Temple, the pefected pyramid hierarchy system. It was not just the individual soul, but the collective society's soul. Alan didn't believe the 'New World' of America was new. He believed it was an old world, already known about, to be recovered. Alan was very interested in Barry Fell author of America B.C. Also his association with Thor Heyerdah's son, fueled this speculation, that these lands had been accessed long ago.

Alan believed there was a vested interest by the people of One God to keep believing all civilization was derived from Mesopotamia, when it wasn't.

Alan claimed he had witnessed poltergeist activity in one of the homes he was hosted in. The dinner table and chairs lifting from the floor, dishes flying from the cabinets, smashing on walls. He claimed to see ghosts, like an old VHS recording, replaying the same actions over and over, walking down halls. He claimed to see the ghosts of soldiers fighting battles on the fields of Bannockburn and Culloden. He had also seen what he considered demons, robed, black things absorbing light, red eyed and fanged.

The miners too were superstitious. In one of the mines a fungus was found perfectly mimicking a hand, and the miners were convinced it was a dead miner's hand supernaturally grown in the pits, after a tunnel collapse.

Alan's first sexual experience was at thirteen with an Irish girl who claimed to be a witch, fumbling in the back seat of the car, on a family trip. He claimed a poltergeist came into the home of one of his host families, with the table and chairs floating in air, and dishes flying. When boarding at medical school, he claimed to have seen a demon, walking up the stair, through the hall, to his friend's room.

In my own experience, and I am not superstitious, Alan really did have the "gift" of second sight. He saw not just deductive, logical conclusions, but deep insights into people and events, that could not be known to him. Christians might call it demonic. Celts called it An Dà Shealladh. He often made me think of Burton in The Medusa Touch, minus the sinister intention. I think he would search out articles and research to prove the things he saw. Some think of it as a gift or a blessing. I think of Alan's talents are more like the curse of Cassandra of Troy, seeing the future without being believed or the ability to change the outcome. He would often have premonitions of events in his own life.

In his early twenties, Alan lived in the true Highlands, near Loch Ness and then Inverness. He had a friend he called The Poacher, whose renegade spirit he admired greatly. The Poacher carried feisty ferrets and nets in his pockets, and poached rabbits on the Lord's land. When caught by the Game Keeper and called to court, Barry was always defiant, refusing to pay or submit. The Poacher had drawn one of the original posters/art for Led Zeppelin, the ZoHo Hermit if memory serves. Alan called The Poacher Barry occasionally, so it must have been the reclusive Barrington Coleby.

Barry was friends with Jimmy Page, and through him Alan was invited to one of Page's famous wild parties, full of European girls, at the Alistair Crowley's Boleskine House. At the party, trying to find the bathroom, Alan claimed he walked in on Mick Jagger and his guitar hero, Eric Clapton in bed together, and being shocked. Alan believed the things Crowley had conjured lingered in that ancient place.

One story that always stuck with me was Alan was up in the highlands playing and drinking at a party. He got into his friend's car, the friend drunk and driving. It was a cold night and a winding

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road. His friend collided into a convertible of young people, three if I remember correctly. Everyone but Alan died in the crash. Alan was relatively unscathed. He got out and walked from maimed body to body, no pulse, no life. Silence. Alan had been trained not to remain calm, not get emotional as a doctor, but I can't imagine.

Alan loved the Highlands, Inverness, and Loch Ness. Alan had befriended a Lord who let him live gratis in one of his estate cottages on his estate, where Alan wrote on songs. The cottage had thick, thick stone walls. He would go hiking and exploring in the Grampions, finding cairns, ruins, and standing stones. He would often talk about the Clava Cairns, and believed an ancient people, an antediluvian civilization had peopled the world, and that our history was written by a people determined to make the region of their One True God as the false source of all things. He loved the old thatch rooved crofts from a bygone century.

Alan described once climbing down a cliffside of Loch Ness and finding a monk's cell carved into the cliff. It was a magical. He wondered if he was the first person who'd been there since the monk. He never saw the Loch Ness monster, like Saint Columba, but he always wanted to believe such things were in the realm of existence. A police chief he knew swore he'd seen the monster looming, but he was also a man known to have more than a nip of whiskey.

Alan also visited the Findhorn Utopian Community while living in the Highlands. He recalled the pretty girls and their simple trust, the giant vegetables, and the belief in a new society. It spurred his later interest in kibbutz, the Onedia Community, and other communes as an outgrowth of older religions, of Gnostism, the Bogomils and the Cathars.

Alan would talk of Thomas More and his Utopia, Francis Bacon's New Utopia. and the Great Experiment of 'Democracy' in America (Thesis). The other Great Experiment was Communism in the Soviet Union (Anti-Thesis). The Synthesis was China, a mixture of both, which would eventually be the UN's New World Order Government. The world planners and the new society didn't need most of us, which is where Eugenics came in. Those who had obtained wealth and were part of the elite, the successful genes, like in Huxley's Brave New World would remain. The wheat. The shaft, the rest of us, would be gently genocided, in the most humane possible way. The great violent genocides of WWI, WWII, a century of war, and the Communist cleansings just hadn't done the job.

People would be taught to embrace their own selfishness, forever children at play, "Sha-la, la-la-la-la, live for today, and don't worry 'bout tomorrow, hey, hey, hey, hey." Aborting their offspring, a sacrifice to Moloch. They would embrace what had once been known as evil as "freedom" Infertility through vaccines and diet, GMO foods that would modify the genes of those who ingested it. Bertrand Russell's This Utopian Society come to fruition was the "Great Work" the Solomon's Temple that Freemasonry, Communism, with Zionism at it's pinacle as the All Seeing Eye were working to build. Alan thought this was an attempt to institute a system, the hierachial beehive system. It would be just to do away with the masses, degenerate and evil as Sodom and Gommorrah.

Alan thought the book The White Cutter by David Pownall was a good allegory for the way European civilization was organized and run, experiments on systems for society. These little utopian communities were funded and watched by the societies owners and experts.

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Alan did not subscribe to the American brand of Christianity and was very much a Gnostic Christian. It made him a suspicious character for the Bible beaters of Christian radio. He believed in the demiurge, and that the world was inherently flawed and evil. He sought 'spriritual knowledge" or gnosis to obtain He did not want children. "That's one mistake I didn't make." He was interested in the film "The Sin Eater."

While Alan was on air critical of New Age religions, while he didn't participate, he did mix in those circles. In the Toronto area Alan had a male friend who owned a video store who was a Wiccan Warlock. The Warlock was an investigator into conspiratorial histories as well. Alan attended his Wiccan wedding. The Warlock was a heavyset man. He had a witch's circle of eight around him, who he and his witch wife both coupled with. Alan said the witch wife eventually poisoned the Warlock. I guess that's one of a witch's garden talents.

Canada:

Alan wanted out of Britain. He admitted when he proposed marriage proposal to Judy part of the motivation was Canadian citizenship. She was beautiful, with a beautiful body, but he had not respect for her intellect.

Alan had what I would call beyond bad luck with vehicles. He painstakingly restored a muscle car, everything, the engine, brakes, new paint job. He was going to take it on it's first official drive to pick up a date. Driving it out, down the road, a realtor who had just received a call for a showing, plowed straight into it from an alley, total wreck.

Alan for a time had an interest in carpentry. He loved the feel of wood and working with his hands. In Ontario he studied carpentry at a Polytechnic School. He worked for a master carpenter cabinet maker as part of his apprenticeship. He would also craft and sell replicated Chippendale furniture.

To complete the hours for his apprenticeship towards Red Seal Master Carpenter requirements, he worked at a wood factory that manufactured outdoor furniture. Alan disliked the place, with the stench of cancer causing chemical finishes and preservatives. Giant extractor fans and machinery ran with constant noise.

A married woman, the factory mattress came on to him, and he turned her down flat. Her vanity wounded, she reported him to a supervisor as smelling bad from sweating in the hot shop. The supervisor called Alan into his office, with a smirk and handed him a stick of deodorant. A furious Alan, restraining himself from decking the guy, stated he wasn't putting cancer causing aluminum under his arms and walked out. I don't know if he finished his master carpenter journeyman path. I do think exposure to all the toxic chemical finish fumes did damage further damage the heavy smoker's lungs.

After leaving Toronto, Alan moved north, I think outside of Barrie, in a small rural community. At first he rented in town, but eventually he lived in an old farmhouse that was owned by a wealthy businessman. He did handyman work and sold furniture he had made by the roadside. He was a caretaker on the property, fixing things. He claimed the place was haunted, that he would see a woman walking the upstairs corridor straight through, no facial features, turn of the century hair and dress. She repeated the same acts like an echo, unaware of his presence. Nothing menacing.

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There was a hen house in the barn. I remember Alan the raccoons breaking in and devastating the hens, maiming and murdering. A fox would take what he would eat. The raccoons at the eggs and killed the chickens for pleasure.

Car troubles continued at the farmhouse. Behind the farmhouse, the property owner grew Christmas Trees to be harvested. A tractor trailer pulled up, and having the entire lot to park in, backed up and pulverized Alan's car, another restoration vehicle. After this insult to injury, he bought and rehabilitated his old pick up truck.

He seemed to really enjoy his stay there for a time. He worked with stained glass. He made friends with an older local oddball, picking metal parts at the local dump, a jack-of-all trades, The Beekeeper. The Beekeeper did a bit of everything. He ran the dump, he did auto work, he built, he was the local dog catcher, and he kept beehives. The Beekeeper was a hoarder. He had barns and huts full of all sorts of interesting parts and pieces, pre-war mechanical, everything imaginable, presumably fished out of the dump. When the Beekeeper who was a renter, had to move it was a hell of a thing.

The Beekeeper told Alan all about the Queen Bees and the nature of the hives. The Queen Bee would kill her rivals. When the old Queen became old or weak, the workers raised a New Queen, the victorious female would kill her sister/rivals. Alan often talked about how in Masonic symbology, the Bee Hive reflected the perfect hierarchal society. The Queen was the ruler or monarch. The Drones, males, were the elite class/nobility. They did not work. Their role was to contribute the good genes, to mate with the Queen. The Guard Bees, drawn from the Worker Bee class were the police/military, who protected the hive and maintained order. The Worker Bees, working class, performed all the tasks and could not reproduce, living to serve their betters. Anyhow, Alan got fresh delicious honey from his friend.

While a friend, Alan considered him a bit psychopathic in that he killed dogs as 'animal control' without the least hesitation. Once, when Alan went to visit in The Beekeeper's house, he was shocked to see a giant closet packed with extreme, bizarre VHS porn videos. Eventually the Beekeeper, who inherited his father's estate took up with a pretty young thing, a big-titted blonde, straight out of the videos, who he married. Presumably the agreement was everything would be hers soon.

Alan had another friend who was a charming natural con man, an young Ojibwe Indian who knew every welfare benefit in the book by heart. He could recite like a lawyer what the government owed him. He was a bit of a womanizer. Alan seemed to enjoy his moxie.

The friend Alan mentioned the most, who visited him occasionally when he uprooted to Estaire was Brian. Brian was part Native American, part Canadian Scot, and a totally unique individual. He was very intelligent, with little formal education. Brian structurally moved houses for a living, jacking the frame off it's foundations, and moved the entire house as a box onto steel beams and rollers, and transported the home to it's new foundation.

Brian went to Manitoulen Island Powwows, and claimed to have trained with elder shamans who were shapeshifters, and had transformed into different animals. Brian read all sorts of alternative magazines. He claimed to have memories of past lives, of being stabbed to death. He claimed to

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have levitated lying on his back in a barn silo playing the exact frequency of vibration. He claimed have levitated in bed with his wife as a witness. He was into a fad of DYI edible gold. Alan loved these stories and Brian's childlike enthusiasm.

Brian's greatest tall tale was summoning down a demon. He claimed to have called down it down, using grimoires. It was a little grey, withered creature with big alien almond eyes that looked like Yoda.

Brian's basement was full of Tens machines and health gadgetry sold on Patriot Radio. Brian's wife had severe arthritis in her ankles. She kept a wonderful vegetable garden, canning the harvest, and cared for her elderly mother.

Alan once accompanied Brian to his lake cabin in the unorganized forests far to the North. Brian's van tore through the hunting roads, over tree limbs at an incredible speed. The cabin itself had been hoisted with a basement added. Alan said he was so sensitive to the mold from the basement that he had to sleep outside in a tent.

The farmhouse Alan rented was owned by a wealthy businessman. He and his family would come to stay occasionally. They once came, dressed for a costume party, the husband and paraplegic son dressed as priests, the wife and daughter as naughty nuns. One of the party hit on Alan. Alan saw the assembly as a Satanic mockery and was very freaked out. He gathered his things, buying the first property he could find and afford, the house in Estaire.

Alan's home on Elbow Ridge Road was a shack with addons. It wasn't properly insulated, and there was fungus on the base of the drywall every year.

Who knows how God or the Devil speaks to you. A hallucination from a high fever might be the most real, most vivid experience of your live. Just as the sybils of Greece had the gift of prophecy in an altered state breathing poisonous fumes, Aldous Huxley claimed LSD opened the doors of perception to the other side. Joan of Arc, considered a saint by some, may have been diagnosed a schizophrenic in our own time.

After his wife abandoned him, with his finances decimated, Alan decided to return to music and join a tour as a hired gun guitarist in Asia. He went in for a round of vaccinations to protect against exotic diseases and was immediately struck with a crippling bout of severe rheumatoid arthritis and a step infection simultaneously. I believe he was already in a weakened mental and physical state from the stress, which combined with the preexisting health problems from his childhood his immunity system was overwhelmed by the shots, and the his body started to attack itself.

This was his first exasperated flare of his life, which he attributed to the vaccinations. He described his joints swelling to enormous dimensions, his elbows, his fingers, his knees. He was very ill in severe, unrelenting pain. He was put on different corticosteroids that lowered his immune response. The only treatment he responded to was and electrical tens machine type wand. Alan often said he wished he could just cut the vargus nerve.

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Alan also suffered from a severe bleeding stomach ulcer, a condition his father had. He would take large doses of omeprazole to carry on with his shows.

I believe that many of the profound experiences of Alan's spiritual awakening, which he related to me and others were first the product of desperate illness, a return of a severe strep infection accompanied by high fevers and the onset of a debilitating rheumatic flare. His messianic revelations or delusions, however you choose to interpret it, were fueled by late night Patriot radio/Coast-to-Coast programs that played in the background while he teetered between life and death.

His wife had abandoned him, his finances were decimated, his health was shattered, his talents spent. His joints were so swollen he couldn't play a guitar, or work with his hands. He walked away from his old life to start another. These were the multiple crises, one, two, three, four that to the average person brought mental and physical breakdown, as Alan often talked about. The experience of being called to a temple on high, and being in God's war room, or gliding through heaven and the stars, were delusions caused by his severe illness. This was the resurrection of the Renaissance man. Even if they were hallucinations, they were very real and meaningful personal messages to him. And who's to say who or what guides those messages, whether it's your own unconsciousness speaking to you or some greater collective unconscious you might call God, or Interdimensional beings, or Demons, or whatever. It didn't make his investigations and proof any less true. It guided him and gave him purpose. It was Alan's Book of Job.

While Alan and I were on the phone some long winter nights, for years he regularly suffered from pneumonia with dangerously high fevers. He was aware of the pneumonia. He would still go out and shovel snow and collect wood, being so isolated he had no alternative. He had enough medical knowledge to treat himself with broad spectrum animal antibiotics, oxytetracycline, to kill gram negative and positive bacteria. I recall his fevers reaching up to 104 F. He refused to go to a hospital or doctor because in his paranoia or extreme cognizance, whatever you choose to believe, he thought he would be assassinated in the hospital. I observed that in these high fevers he spoke in an uncharacteristic agitation, manic, frenzied way, almost gleeful.

Estaire:

Alan loved to feed the birds, sweet little souls, trying to survive the winter. He would always gather his bread crumbs and spread them out for them. He had bird feeders when he could afford seed, and was always trying to invent ways to block the ingenious black squirrel from stealing all the food. When out in the 80 acre forest that was part of his plot, cutting firewood, he would learn their little tunes and sing back and forth to them. On summer nights, when he still had a tent with mesh and plenty of mosquito repellant, he would listen to the Whiporwhil and Poor Will's Window singing their sad song, call and response.

Alan loved the woods. He wouldn't let anyone hunt there and saw it as a sanctuary for the animals. He spoke about how writer Farley Mowat in Nova Scotia had turned his land into a wildlife sanctuary. It was something Alan wanted, but he didn't want a non-profit to exploit it, or for the government to take the land.

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Alan had a host of chipmunks he was friends with. He would sit out in the sun in his yard chair with his tea, and they would scurry up to him for seed. They all had names. He would relate their adventures. The Texan. Short Butt who had been scarred in an attack by the nemesis squirrel. They would scurry up the chair to his saucer. One landed in his tea once. Fortunately it wasn't scolding hot.

One year, Alan had a Peregrine Falcon that was his friend. I can't recall his name. The bird would come and sit with Alan. He would often perch on his hat. One day the bird never came back. Alan feared that the bird had tried to perch on a neighbor and had been killed.

There was Grundy the Groundhog, who was always digging his burrow next to the foundation of Alan's house. When spring came, Grundy would sun himself on the big rock. Then there was son of Grundy, Grubby the Groundhog, who always had dirt on his face from digging.

There was a black bear who was always out gorging on berries along the railroad tracks. If Alan went to gather some for himself, he had to be on the lookout. One day he was walking down the tracks, and appeared from the other direction. The bear saw Hamish and scurried up a cliffside effortlessly. Once, when Alan was taking a shower in an outdoor tent, a baby bear peaked in. Where was mama?

Alan would feed a mother fox who came begging at his door, starving one particularly cold winter. She came for a couple of years after that. She would come almost every night. She drank cans of evaporated milk and tuna. Every night should took the same route to the door. She was vigilant on her route, noticing any little change. She came for a couple of years after that. Alan wanted to find the den and take a fox kitten home to raise as a dog, but never did.

Alan loved the Grey Owl books, but he'd often curse the beavers and their beaver pond that flooded his road way. He would give me updates on nature's engineers progress. There was an Objiwe Indian who used to visit him and hunt beaver.

Here begins a section we might call lots of libel. Whether any of this is true, whether Alan was telling the truth, or a pathological liar trying to delude cult followers, or a schizophrenic Nathan from Sophie's Choice is up to the reader, I don't know. At the time, it didn't matter to me one way or the other, as it has no bearing on the volumes of control system/societal investigations, which are all documented, my interest being in research. I cannot substantiate any of this and won't pretend to try. I wasn't there.

Alan told me he did a lot of session work and song writing under pseudonyms. If this is true, in the day and age of discogs someone should be able to find a trail of evidence, consistent stage names/ pseudonyms which I haven't. He was certainly prolific in his poetry. You can be the judge of it's quality. I personally heard an incredible talent for melodies and harmonizing.

Alan claimed to have worked with different Scottish folk revival artists in his youth. He said he had done some arrangements for the Corries. He had played with Hamish Imlach for the men off the North Sea fields. Hamish the dog was named after Imlach, big and burly. Alan claimed to have met and played a gig with Donovan and recounted the two being in a rowboat to the Isle of Sky with a set of lovely lady twins. Alan was a supporter of Scottish independence from the Crown.

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The failure of the 1979 Scottish Devolution referendum and the rise of Margaret Thatcher, I think was part of Alan's final decision to leave Scotland. "It's not who votes that counts, it's who counts the vote." When less than 40% of the electorate turned up to vote for a Scottish self-governing parliament, the majority vote was tossed out. The protest of what was perceived as rigged elections carried on through folk songs into the 1980s, harkening back to previous centuries of independence battles of Bannockburn and Culloden.

At some point in the mid 1970s Alan moved down to ruling London, doing some sort of musical work for the BBC. He was very disillusioned by the time he left. He claimed to have written a Rock Opera musical production of Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock*. He repeated the story several times of the lead girl's audition, a looker who her stripping off without any inhibition, that the producer was hoping to bed. He claimed that opening night, the producer, who he was none too keen on, tried to force him to sign away all rights, and in a fury he walked out with the score, closing down the show. In researching the production, the people he described to me were very much in character with John Saxby and Mary East. An album after the musical was recorded by John Saxby and Lionel Gibson, and a progressive rock band Cirkus. I don't recognize Alan's face in any of the press photos. I do recognize some of the humor in the lyrics.

Alan was an avid reader of Alvin Toffler, Dr John Coleman, Dr. Anthony Sutton, Carrol Quigley, and Marshall McLuhan.

Alan claimed to have been the ghost writer for Gerry Rafferty's *City to City* album. He claimed that Rafferty was far gone on drugs at the time, and Alan was paid a lump sum, signing away all rights and recognition. He said he was okay with that, having no idea whether what he was writing would be a hit or a flop. He told me the idea for Baker Street, was when he was interning in school in Stirling he lived off of Baker Street, and his beloved Sherlock Holmes home was on Baker Street.

Alan claimed to know comedian/musician Billy Connolly, from the same period, of Stealer's Wheels fame. Alan condemned Connolly for his Crucifixion routine, and said Connolly was picked up by producers of another faith and paid in appreciation with a career and replacement wife. He always portrayed him as vulgar and crude.

Alan claimed to have known and worked in the studio on early productions of Sheena Easton. He talked about her being very proud, but needing reassurance of herself and her voice, being so young. He said he knew her brothers as well.

He claimed he'd been a session Irish guitarist for Rory Gallagher. He had told me he had done session work for Eric Clapton when Clapton was far gone on drink and heroin.

Alan claimed to have known Chris De Burgh and have written "Lady in Red" in tribute to De Burgh's mistress, who he was introduced to.

Alan said he was involved in creating bands, getting groups of guys together to perform.

Alan spent time doing music Norway, and claimed to be friends with Thor Heyerdah of Kontiki fame's son. He also claimed to have "knocked about" with Sissel Kyrkjebo before she became famous. She was one of the only Alan seemed to ever really deeply care for. He said she married into a money family so she could afford the extensive/expensive professional opera voice training.

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He claimed to have done work with Nana Mouskouri.

Alan claimed to have met with Agnetha Faltskog in Denmark for musical work in her solo career. Agnetha arranged their first meeting at some avante garde bar with nude dancers. Alan remarked she had gotten fat herself.

I remember him talking about going to LA on a press junket for a band in the early 80s and meeting Sean Young of Blade Runner fame, and being impressed with her beauty.

Alan said he was in the executive's room when it was decided to make Cory Hart a star. He watched different front men be trained in deportment, pouting and posing.

Alan claimed to have ghost written songs for Leonard Cohen. *Waiting for the Miracle* is the title of a famous Cohen song from 1992. Another song Alan discussed on Sweet Liberty was the meaning of the song, was *The Future.*

He claimed to have worked with Loreena McKennitt early in her career. He traveled across the country to meet with Gordon Lightfoot, who he respected as a songwriter.

As he frequently mentioned on air, Alan saw the trend in songwriting and the music business to push androgyny and homosexuality as predictive programming for the next generation to be comfortable with the cultural shift.

While I knew him, I recall Alan went to see one of the former members of The Clash, at a book signing, probably Vince White who he knew personally. The Clasher had a boat off the coast of France would phone call around Christmas time, and invited Alan to visit.

He told me he burned what he had for master tapes, and had completely walked away from that life. That he sold his Les Paul for $50 from a hotel room. The buyer offered more, both knowing it was worth 20 times that, but Alan only accepted the $50.

I never challenged him or asked for any proof, because it really didn't matter to me. I enjoyed our conversations. The life of a session man is paid by the gig, unrecognized. Talent doesn't necessarily have the star quality charisma that record companies bank on. But to me when people obfuscate, they have something to hide.

Having abandoned any musical pursuits of my own, I sent Alan some of my own cased and closeted instruments. I hoped to influence him to play when his flare ups died down. He loved music, and I wanted him to have some mental relief from his now perceived life's mission. If he got in a tight spot he could hock the guitars.

I'd heard Alan play electric solos on the phone, and sing incredible harmonies and melodies without rehearsal. He could whistle a symphony. He had that kind of rare prodigy brain that could pick up any tune by ear and play out a thousand permutations without effort.. If Alan was lying about his music career, he was amazingly consistent about it, as his stories never changed when he repeated them.

In Scotland, and coming to Canada, Alan had a Cairn Terrier named Bobby , after the loyal Greyfriers Bobby of Edinburgh fame. He loved the feisty dog, a constant companion. The dog would nestle in

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his jacket and go riding with Alan on his scooter and motorcycle. When he brought the dog to Canada, Alan said the first thing Bobby did was left his leg. That was what Bobby thought of Canada.

Alan traveled extensively. He went through Europe on the back of a motorcycle. He laughed about having a girl with a short skirt on the back of his bike with a side mirror view in Italy. He crossed the Berlin Wall, and performed for a Robert Burns Day celebration in the Eastern Bloc countries in the Soviet Union. He visited Russia, and said he was interviewed by the KGB before his entry.

Alan had a prolonged visit with a friend who was a sheep farmer in Australia and traveled the continent. He spent time in South Africa during apartheid.

Alan traveled through India and complained that the trains would and could never run on time. He said it was an arrested culture where they would spend hours lying to you unabashedly, but do nothing to fix the problem.

He used to know a Braham in Scotland who refused to dine in the presence of a lower caste white. He loved Indian food before his ulcer.

Alan said he went to Grenada in 1983 to get a friend from medical school out of the country. He said they'd been shot at.

The Patriot Circuit

Alan was a phone friend of Eustace Mullins, and was very familiar with his magnum opus, *Secrets of the Federal Reserve*. He admired Eustace as an intellect and a country gentleman. He would talk about Eustace's friendship with Ezra Pound. Eustace was the great genius Ezra Pound's last protege, not a literary one, but a political one, exposing the usury system and the New World Order. Alan was also influenced by Mullin's *Murder by Injection*. Alan never emphasized any connection with Eustace as he didn't want to be stamped and dismissed as an Anti-Semite from the association.

Alan was regularly in contact with Glen Kealey by phone in the early days. He claimed that he was the one who introduced Kealey to the codes hidden within words, and that Jordon Maxwell, who he was not acquainted with used the same information. At the time, all of these presenters were vying for the same audience.

I've noticed they were all very territorial about their 'hidden knowledge.' None of them, including Alan, really own this information, as it was existing code in the language, devised by the same group that cemented the English language into the King James Bible, not long after Gutenberg. Anyone with a knowledge of Shakespeare or Spenser's *Faerie Queene* or Durer prints is aware of codes hidden in a language of puns and symbols. Different strata of audience understood as per their education and class.

Jews who were forced to flee after the Alhambra Expulsion regrouped in Protestant England and a Reformation Netherlands. Kabalistic knowledge, codes, went with them to an Elizabethan Renaissance Court and Roscrucianism ideas transmitted by Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, William Shakespeare, and other greats. This became known as the 'underground stream' later in Freemasonry. Numerology, hidden codes, etc were prelavent in an the ages of Inquisition.

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Hamlet: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead. Spies for the King. Rosencrantz, Roscrucian. Guild...play on words of medieval trade Guilds, the Masons of their day, or Guilden: Golden...Stern: Blazing Star. The Alchemical Rose Cross with the Star, allegories and symbols adopted by Freemasonry. Perfection of the soul. As Above so Below. Perfection of the society, with each squared hewn block. Or The Tempest and Prospero (John Dee) the sorcerer in his Brave New World. All permutations of the same old mystery religion, from Heremticism to Platonicsm to Neoplatonism to Rosicrusianism to Freemasonry to Communision to Zionism to World Revolution to the final New World Order.

I believe Alan very much modeled his early radio career akin to Kealey, but then took it to something far greater. He left the mesmerism and magic behind and focused on the very real threats ahead. Magic spells in word phrasing was what is now known as NLP, neurolinguistic programming, a hypnotic technique where the inductee is led to a conclusion by programming the brain with repetition and words, just as you might program a computer. From magic spell and the Greek Tragedy to Marketing and an episode of Friends, in the beginning there was the word.f This is part of the importance of songs and this radio wave, now 5G signal century. Through songs and lyrics, or television, or now TikTok video clips, ideas and memes are downloaded, now within a matter of seconds. Cultural Influencers have created a schizophrenic society, inundated with a range of clips, downloaded, streaming through their brains. Reality is lost in the mix.

He said he first started speaking to Kealey with interest in Shelley Ann Clark and the Free Trade Deals. Alan had been watching the EU amalgamation in Europe, trade blocs, unified currency.

Alan recounted Kealey's wife being Arizona Wilder of the David Icke MK Ultra circuit. Alan couldn't believe Kealey's cult followers had let him fall to such a dilapidated state, and I wondered if he was talking about himself.

Alan claimed to have been in regular contact with Bill Cooper, who he highly respected, not long before Cooper's death. Cooper's assassination was close to a period when the two had arranged a visit that Alan rescheduled, which exasperated Alan's paranoia. He shared Cooper's suspicion of some of the better known media promoted 'conspiracy theorists' as judas goats, leading the heard down to the path of slaughter, which they would side step themselves.

Alan had an incredible hatred of Alex Jones and David Icke. He constantly decried Jones as a product of Stratfor and Icke of MI6. He claimed Bill Cooper had proof of Jones links. Infowars really helped launch Alan into the Patriot Circle limelight, but Alan claimed the choice to shoot the interview footage an artist's lake house made it appear he was prosperous, when he wasn't. He claimed donations dropped dramatically after his appearance. He'd accuse Jones and Icke of using their staff to steal research from his talks, and then twisting the topic to Lizard People and LaLa Land. He claimed soccer player Icke, launched by the BBC with his good vibration turquoise jumpsuit was controlled opposition. While Alan was living on scraps, they were successful. Alan saw them as compromised, but resented the hair shirt he chose to wear by refusing sponsorship or publishing.

John Stadtmiller and RBN did not pay hosts. Hosts were given airtime. Any commericals or profits from went directly to RBN. What hosts earned they earned, they earned on their own through sponsors, flogging precious metals, or donations. Originally, Stadtmiller had offered Alan a job as a board operator if he came down to Texas. The falling out between the RBN came from Alan not

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promoting the RBN fundraising efforts on his own show. Alan felt he brought listeners to RBN, but refused to promote Stadtmiller. Cutting Through the Matrix was removed as a program when new ownership came in. Alan would say that Stadtmiller and Jones had the same coke dealer. Alan did not like the 'Get America Back' Patriot radio script. America was never yours.

Alan was careful about what he said on air. Canada has no problem prosecuting people for Hate Speech.

Alan never wrote any books in the years that we were friends. He used the excuse of people posting his for sale books for free as making it not worthwhile. I think it would have been good for him to consolidate his ideas, but they were always evolving. He claimed if he self-published on Amazon, he could lose the copyright. He would always claim that he preferred a natural flow of conversation and ideas rather than intense preparation.

Alan would always say he was walking through the raindrops when he joined in as a voice on Patriot Radio. He started as a caller on Sweet Liberty with Jackie Patru. He befriended Patru, who was a pseudo Christian, a big proponent of A Course in Miracles, by Helen Schucman. Privately, Alan would mock Miracles as New Age witchcraft, "what Jesus forgot to tell us." He would have conversations with Jackie, befriending her, talking all about the Mystery religions which fascinated her. Alan went from being a caller to a cohost on Sweet Liberty. He didn't receive any pay from Patru, though he did eventually set up a website where listeners could send donations/buy books.

Alan didn't trust Jackie. He would talk about her being authorized opposition. She would brag about being descended of the Delano family, of the Roosevelt maternal pedigree. Alan saw her "Jewish Persecution" anti-Semitism as a way of tarring the Patriot movement. He was always very dismissive of her intelligence to me on the phone. He said she flirted with him one night, and sent him a photo. He called her a female John Denver. "Yuck." Jackie's first husband had owned a series of gyms, which she had gained after their split.

He always portrayed Jackie as very manipulative. He related repeatedly how one of her family dogs had died, and she went about her business taking her grandson out for burgers after, like nothing had happened. This particularly horrified Alan who had a deep love for dogs. Hamish had originally been a dog adopted by Jackie. Hamish peed on a tree she planted, and she returned him to the ASPCA. Alan had a mutual friend, a trucker who went up to Canada to visit him, adopt Hamish and bring him up, and the dog was Alan's longest and most faithful friend.

Alan consciously used Jackie and Sweet Liberty as his entrance into Patriot Radio. Their conversations, which were of a more pseudo religious bent, which still appeals to a lot of listeners, are all still available online. The shows had a balance with Jackie's positive persona and Alan's more somber narratives.

Alan claimed his final split with Jackie came from a revelation he had over Jackie's husband Chuck's death. Chuck was Jackie's second husband, a very kind Jewish man, who Alan considered a long suffering silent victim of Jackie. He was disgusted that Jackie would write her broad brush book while living off Chuck's beneficence. Jackie had a young man staying in their home who was training her in 'yoga'. Alan claimed that the two were carrying on indoors, while Chuck went out to get wood for the stove. Chuck had a massive heart attack outside, bringing in the wood.

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Alan said Jackie took over an forty minutes before she 'realized' Chuck hadn't returned, and delayed calling for help to make sure he was dead. She didn't want the burden of caring for an invalid. Alan claimed he had seen Chuck outside freezing to death in his mind. Alan was generally very suspicious of women and their motives. Alan said Jackie/Chuck's large country home was seized by the IRS and then returned to her, which is the only time he had ever heard of that happening.

Alan was very secretive about the people in his life who helped him. He would talk about all the different women who would write and send photos and fantasize about a life with him. He generally did not mention names.

Before he started speaking with me nightly, he was friends with an Italian American lady nurse named Gilda, who worked in a Harlem hospital who tragically died young of cancer. She had a mother who was a narcissistic sociopath and a schizophrenic depressed sister.

Alan and Gilda had talked on the phone for years, and she had come up to visit once. He would always relate his shock when she wandered to the bathroom of his tiny place in the middle of the night with only a t shirt and no underwear on. Alan was always amused with Gilda's stories and foibles at the Harlem hospital. A transsexual full of piercings who apparently identified as a dragon was her supervisor. Gilda was carrying on a long term affair with a married doctor, who ended up being her cancer surgeon. He botched the job. Alan would council her on the phone, towards the end. The poor women worked up to two weeks before her death. Her brother, who had drug contacts got a supply of opiates at the end. Alan was on the phone with her when she died.

Alan mentioned who I now assume to be Diana, the transcriber to me on the phone. He said she was a former Scientologist and a very hard worker. She had yippy little dogs.

Alan regularly mentioned DeBess in NC, who had his permission to post talks on youtube. He was fond of her. She was intelligent and had worked in radio. She had a country home for a while which she defended with a rifle, and a son who wanted to be a video game designer.

Alan had mentioned a woman who has identity has been now assumed, as a publicist who had worked for a Hollywood producer who he had talked with by phone and had arranged the Coast to Coast interview. She did not live with him.

He had several women who he kept in regular email and phone contact with who donated over the years. There was a leggy blonde from Arizona who was in real estate who had come to visit. He said she had skin like and alligator bag from years in the sun. They lost touch, and she called after having a mastectomy for cancer, avoiding chemo and living. One was an artist divorcee with a son, a fashion designer who knitted beautiful jackets, coats, and dresses. She had a residency at a college and played flamenco guitar. Another was a wealthy woman alcoholic with an Italian tennis boy. There was an artist who made beautiful hats that she sold in a market in San Francisco. There was a heavy set woman with a gorgeous military jeep, enamel paint who had come up from Tennessee and helped him set up the website.

It was generally the women who donated. Alan considered them friends. He said he would never get married again.

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While Alan was living his reclusive life in Estaire, a few people visited him. There was a woman artist who lived in Sudbury whose name I can't recall, X, who had once run a print shop, whose husband had passed. She had come to the house occasionally. Brian, on his way up to the North Country would stop in. A boy he called the Mennonite, who had worked with Brian, and married into the Mennonite community would stop in. There was a Ojibwe beaver and bear hunter who would come by, who was riddled with cancer and eventually died. He had a neighbor down the road who would come knocking, who passed away. His nephew inherited the property. There was a realtor neighbor who had parties at a seasonal property, where they would moon the trains, causing engineer to hit his horn regularly who Alan had an ongoing dispute with.

I first started avidly listening to Alan Watt after hearing his Alex Jones interviews. I'm poor, and would send meager donations, which I considered tithing, tuition to a teacher, for a digital School of Athens. I sent Alan the only things I had of any value to me, my prize Lowden, a beat up Les Paul studio, and 1970s Ramirez classical guitars to start when I decided to give up playing seriously. I hoped that he would adapt his poetry into protest songs, and wanted a professional to have them. I told him if he ever got particularly hard up to hock them. I would write regularly, send links daily, do transcriptions that Diana hadn't, burned MP3 documentaries for him, and sent collages I'd made from old magazines.

I think Alan took an interest in speaking to me after he received a collage that had an old General Electric Refrigerator with two children peering inside. There was a sun in the fridge, it's rays bursting out, floating in for a seascape. The collage, which as crafted with no intention, arrived in his post box just before the Fukushima meltdown. He wrote an email asking for me to call him not long after.

The first time I spoke with Alan he was in the middle of a rheumatic attack. Every nerve in his body was under assault and in pain. I remember him making a remark, "I might as well talk to you. You're the generous one." He seemed angry. I got the sense he had just gone through a break up or some sort of trauma recently. We spoke every night for years after.

Alan was my very good friend, and I loved him. I didn't care whether he'd gotten final credentials as a doctor or brushed headstocks with rock stars. He was a special, brilliant, wonderful an and the only person on earth who I really related deeply to. I felt like he was lonely and just needed someone to chat with someone that didn't want or expect anything beyond conversation. We spoke nightly for hours. He'd call after he'd written his poem, while he was uploading the show. Every night we talked there would be what we'd call 'The Twenty Minute Marker." The phone would always cut off at twenty minutes, the call was routed through some strange series of lines. We'd laugh about it and say they needed to change the recording reel for the tapes after the show, even though we're in a digital age. Alan would talk for hours about different studies, and ideas, and his life. In a lot of ways, I think talking to someone of a similar bent it was therapeutic for him. Alan had a wonderful, wry ironic sense of humor that came out regularly to balance his heavy realism.

There was never any hint of anyone living with Alan in the years we spoke. I don't write that as some scorned woman, or duped gal. I never heard a sound, or a clink. Alan made his own meager dinner that he shared with Hamish. He brought in the wood to feed the fire. He would tie the ladder to his roof to shovel off the snow, with no one to hold it. He fell off a couple of times with no

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one to help him. He shoveled all the snow from his long driveway alone. He would go out with the chainsaw and cut the trees on his property alone. He would bring the wood in on his four wheeler alone. There was no garden, the animals would consume it, and he lived after a very meager diet. He did the uploads himself on the phone. When the truck broke down, he would walk the miles to the highway to hitchhike himself. It was just Alan and Hamish.

Honestly, I would have wished Alan the comfort of a loving, caring wife to rub his back when he ached or to fix his dinners, or to sit with him darning socks by the fire. But there was no one. Alan was so obsessed with his mission and embittered by his past, he wouldn't allow that into his life. And he would never knowingly allow an exploitive character into his life, as the Creature has revealed herself to be.

After his illness and hospitalization, the only a person I can assume the Creature to be is someone who he described to me as a housekeeper to come in and help. When he said "housekeeper", there was no affection in his voice. I'm thinking it would have been someone he'd previously known from his Patru days. When Covid happened the housekeeper would have been parked there, in the lockdown. Alan seemed under stress when we spoke during this period. He had an old beat up trailer with a rotten roof on his property. Maybe she stayed there, but I seriously doubt it. She would have frozen to death.

In retrospect, after his illness, Alan and I were discussing another host and his girlfriend. Alan related a story they told him, defaming another well known figure, a nest of spiders. I replied, "I wouldn't necessarily believe that. M (the girlfriend) has always struck me as a bit of a flake, totally unstable. God only knows what prescriptions are in that medicine cabinet. She may well have done it herself." I remember a noticeable hesitation in Alan's voice after my unexpected reply, and I thought, what's this then? Now I realize he could have been reflecting on his own house guest.

If the Creature really did live there in secret for all those years, I can only regard her as the lowest form of parasite, beneath contempt. How could it let Alan continue to live in such a decrepit, pained state, without getting a job or contributing? How could anyone let a partner suffer like that, or place them in such vulnerable position? He would be subject to prosecution for hosting an illegal, not her.

I don't believe Alan had a wife or some great love stowed away. I don't believe he would harbor someone, jeopardizing his or Hamish's life. That wasn't Alan. As for romantic inclination, Alan vocally fancied beautiful, Nordic featured young, thin blondes...which is not what I see. He despised shrews and made no secret of it. I never knew you.

When Alan's medical emergency came, he had been really bad on the phone for a couple of weeks. Alan's fevers heightened his paranoia. He had been to Sudbury a week or two prior, and there was an African man with a terrible cough that he kept running into throughout town at different stores. He was convinced the man had transmitted some sort of terrible respiratory disease to him. There was no convincing him to going to a clinic. His paranoia was so extreme, that he thought he would be killed if he went in to a hospital.

In 2013, there had been a brutal murder just down the road from Alan, an unfortunate nurse named Sherri Lynn McEwan. The husband was later found dead of an assumed suicide. Alan was very freaked out that night, seeing police up and down the tracks, with helicopters flying over, not

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knowing the circumstances until the next day when he visited the General Store. Alan was convinced that it was a hit gone wrong, his household could have been the real target and became even more paranoid and reclusive. I was convinced the perpetrator was a Native drifter, a drug user alcoholic who jumped trains. My suspect had committed a stabbing in Sudbury years earlier, and knew McEwan's husband from Manitoulin Island, and would repeat the crime there. Maybe the Drifter's tormenting demons had sent him out to perform a hit. The two ideas aren't mutually exclusive. Imaginations run wild. It's still a cold case. As the Nirvana lyric goes, "Just because you're paranoid, don't mean their not after you."

Anyhow, if the Creature had been present, it would have been documented by the police then, or the ER that attended Alan's home during his own medical emergency.

Alan had been self medicating with cattle tetracyclines for years to combat his pneumonia bouts. I think this had left him particularly suspectable to fungal infection, as he wasn't supplementing with anything to restore healthy microbial balances. The Sudbury area was hit by several deadly blastomycosis cases near the time. Normally it was just dogs. Now it extended to humans.

The medical emergency brought the ambulance from down the road was blastomycosis. It came out later that the nearby forests had been chem-trailed for years with pesticides that had caused the fungus to flourish. Theses were the planes Alan was seeing and documenting. Blastomycosis is nearly always deadly. Alan had brought the fungus in with the punky wood he had been using for his wood stove. His lungs were severely damaged.

Alan's room was on the top floor of the hospital in Sudbury, in a rare, infectious diseases ward. He complained of not being able to sleep and hearing the helicopters land on the roof. Alan's doctor was a vocal homosexual, was inconvenienced by Alan's illness, having a vacation to Thailand already scheduled. He spoke to Alan with disdain. Alan repeatedly said he had a witness to the doctor's conduct. Could it have been the Creature? The prescription the doctor wrote for Alan conflicted with another medication, and if Alan had taken it, it would have been fatal.

Alan was so poor that he couldn't afford the proper human medications, which weren't covered by insurance. Friends from Thailand and the US sent medicine and fish itraconazole to take as treatment to save his life. We only spoke around once or twice a week after his medical emergency.

Someone Alan knew, a man spoke with on the phone from the West Coast of Canada came to help him uninvited. He was trying to feed him chaga mushrooms, which upset Alan as he was already dying from a fungal infection. If the Creature had already been in Alan's home, he would have seen her. Alan definitely needed help at the time. Concurrent to Alan's emergency, I became seriously debilitated myself, and was of no use as a nurse to myself or anyone else.

Alan became darker and more negative in his outlook as pain and illness progressed. It could sometimes take a lot of resilience to talk with him. His long talks, the four hour marathons were a swan song of sorts. He didn't have the energy to do daily shows any longer.

When he was recovering, Alan had a visitor. A young man, a schizophrenic came to the house. The boy was convinced that he was being followed by drones and that he was under mind control, with messages to kill being sent to his head. Alan was concerned that such a person would eventually be sent to kill him.

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Alan had a lot of schizophrenics contact him over the years. They were often very well researched on MK Ultra, mind control chips, Morgellons disease, cell phone frequency disturbances, and all sorts of other real military research projects in hopes of explaining their own otherwise inexplicable delusions. They were convinced thoughts were being beamed into their heads by an outside agency, or even an outside dimension. Alan said the auditory hallucinations of a schizophrenic were registered by the brain as an actual voice. He believed science was unable to explain the mechanics of the disorder, and that drugs only quieted the symptoms. He believed from his experiences in the mental asylum that some schizophrenics were really hearing voices from an outside entity.

Alan did not believe in multiple personality disorder. He believed that extreme sexual abuse to children opened up the victim to demonic possession, the personality or soul of the victim receding so the demon could channel through and claim ownership of the body or vessel.

Alan was very interested in Malachi Martin, even though he believed him the duplicitous Serafian, the author who opened the door to Vatican II. Alan was especially interested in Martin's understanding of wave systems being used by the devil to block out that quiet voice of God. Alan was convicted that humanity would accept a brain chip, and that through something akin to 5G wifi would be used to send messages to the host brain. First it would be heralded as miraculous, an AI world brain, a brain linking all prol brains, shared thoughts, shared access. AI as Anti-Christ, a borg, hive brain, rather than an individual brain. Humanity as ants, very similar to the Invaders from Mars movie Alan had seen as a child. And after these many years of Transhumanists and Elon Musk, we can all see the evolution being projected as an inevitability. Cell phone, game playing youth of today will not be adverse to accepting technology in their own brains if it offers a convenience.

For years I sent Alan food care packages, and started ordering food to pickup from Walmart in Sudbury for him when they began to offer the service, trying to make sure he ate proteins, beyond rice and beans.

I had placed an order with Walmart in Sudbury for food pickup for Alan the day he died, that was not picked up, and was unable to reach him by phone. I knew something was very wrong and tried calling the Sudbury hospital.

The last time I spoke with Alan, before his death, he said, "Something serious has happened, but I can't tell you on the phone." Which could literally be anything. He would not elaborate.

Enter the Creature. I will refer to her as the Creature henceforth, since she chose to portray herself as Prospero's Poor Slave Caliban.

The afternoon after Alan's death, I received a call from a number in Sudbury which I did not recognize. I took it, expecting it to be from a hospital. A woman who sounded like a bad actress with a totally insincere voice blurted out.

"Alan is dead."

"Who is this?"

*"You were Alan's friend, but **I WAS HIS PARTNER.**"*

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I went into a sort of shock. The following thoughts ran through my mind. #1. This is either a CSIS or CIA agent with access to any and all phone conversations Alan and I have had. #2. If this person was who she claims, she is by default, an established liar and sociopath. #3. Logically, she is either one or both of the above. So, any which way, whoever she is, I don't know her, I dislike her pretentious voice, and I distrust her. As Alan used to say, when do you start believing a liar? She will try to ingratiate herself while I am in shock, and use my usual kindness against me. I have no obligation to this person, and will have no part of it.

The voice of the fictional Vicomte de Valmont rung through my mind, "It is beyond my control."

"I am very sorry to hear that."

"*Alan was hiding me for years. I'm calling from X's house. She didn't even know I was here. She met me when we printed the books years ago. Brian met me. The Mennonite met me....*"

Me, me, me, me....

"What happened?"

"They can prove I was here. I was Alan's partner."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. What happened?"

"I found him on the floor dead."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. How did he die? What happened?"

"I found him on the floor beside the bed."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. How did he die?"

" He was reaching for a book. That was so like him."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. Alan had very serious lung problems. What did he die from?"

"I don't know. He had COPD. I think he had a heart attack."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. Is there going to be an autopsy?"

"I'm an American citizen. He had to keep me secret."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. Did you call the ER? The ambulance at the end of the road?"

"He didn't tell anyone about me."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. Have you contacted his sisters in Scotland? They can request an autopsy."

"You know, Alan didn't like his sisters."

"None-the-less. They are his next of kin, and they should know."

"I'm going to need your help."

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“I’m very sorry to hear that.”

I don’t remember much else of the conversation, as the shock Alan’s death took hold. I just remember I sensed no real grief in the Creature voice that droned on about herself. She was immediately trying to set herself up as Alan’s successor. From that point on, anything the Creature said, I responded with “I’m very sorry to hear that”. It noticeably exasperated her, as I wasn’t falling into any trap of mirroring, or offering to finance her, or extend a hand of friendship.

I trust my instincts. I notice fluctuations, patterns, micro-expressions, tones, phrases, things other people generally don’t. I read rehearsal, affectation, and disingenuousness. If there were any truth to the tale, which I seriously doubted, I didn’t consider myself hard hearted. I knew Alan still had a small fortune of musical instruments I’d sent over the years which he had restored to their full glory. That could easily be turned into fast cash for “The Great Escape” beyond my own limited income.

When I hung up, I immediately disconnected my phone number with the service provider and wept. I decided to watch and wait. You will know them by their fruit.

And the fruit was bad.

I contacted the Canadian government local, provincial, and national, along with local Sudbury/Estaire agencies, filling out all the paperwork, paying all the fees filing inquiry into the circumstances of Alan’s death. Not being a relative, all refused to release any information.

The Creature had access to Alan’s home and all of his computers. All of the photos I’ve since seen posted online are pilfered from his emails/hard drive he’s sent different listeners over the years. The angles are from a camera with a timer countdown. There was no funeral. There were no announcements in the paper. While there was a brief mention of his death on the website, this was retracted as soon as his older sister, who was aware of Alan’s previous illness, who had previously tried to reach out to him, was aware. The Creature used Alan’s email, post box key, and collected his paypal payments.

Alan’s older sister had made an online inquiry about her legal options regarding his property. The only thing Alan had of any value was his land. He owned eighty acres of forest in Estaire. He struggled every year to make the money for the property taxes, and would go to Sudbury to visit the bank. The acreage value increased substantially over the years. I had repeatedly suggested to Alan that he sell out and move to a warm climate. He couldn’t live like Jeremiah Johnson forever as the years passed.

Alan disliked his sister, who he always portrayed as a pecuniary schemer, but was fond of her son, his nephew, who he had met when her family had come to visit him with her second husband from Scotland. Alan hadn’t spoken with his much younger sister, who he hadn’t grown up in years. He had stopped speaking to her after she asked him to call her back later so she could watch her favorite program.

I was devastated a long while. Even though I knew Alan had health issues, he had been on an upswing. He was talking about returning to music. I often wondered if he had been murdered after the ominous, “something has happened” left unexplained. I understood Cutting Through the Matrix as being in the hands of either an agent, an infiltrator, or an idiot, Not Sure of who or what they

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were. I do not know you. The only established fact is that she is a Deceiver. I tried to focus my grief into something substantive. I immediately started working on backing up all of Alan's talks.

Alan wanted his talks disseminated by and amongst his listeners. He had made that clear to me. I set up the Alanwattarchive.org website trying to back up all of the information on a free, modern user friendly format, where the search engine for the transcripts functioned. I scrimped to have his talks streamed on online radio. I posted every talk and transcript to archive.org individually. I spent every spare moment of my life trying to share and back up Alan's life's work as a monument for over a year. Anything I have ever done for Alan or with his life's work has been without expectation or acceptance of monetary renumeration. I did not superimpose my views with his, but shared short clips of Alan's talks linked to current events. I watched and waited. I removed any links to the Cutting Through the Matrix site when I started seeing things steer the wrong way.

When the Creature noticed she was no longer being supported or financed by my what I can only in reflection consider heroic, fool-hardy efforts, it immediately set about removing the many, many months of work claiming copyright infringement. Her name and identity shared on all the documents. The surname is her father's, not Watt. Copyright infringement for work that she doesn't own, contribute to, or have any right to. Alan's life work. Work Alan repeatedly and expressly said for listeners to post. This is work that she did not create or have any part in. Work she obviously doesn't really even understand. This was work that had always been free to the public, no for sale materials. I do not know you.

The Creature, this false prophet wants to profit from Alan's talks. The Creature wants to shape a new narrative, now adding her voice as some sort of Sybil for the words of a wise sage. The Creature wants complete control. The Creature sets herself up as a tinpot guru. Whether the Creature is an agent, an infiltrator, or just plain bad judgment I don't know. I see none of Alan's insight or intelligence in 'Not Sure'. Not Sure of her own identity. Alan would have never been okay with someone else's voice attached to his work. He would never have supported his work being turned into a pseudo cult. I do not know you.

The only person Alan ever named to me as a successor to the thought and spirit of his own work was Brandon Turbeville, who he respected and spoke with on a regular basis.

If the Creature was a partner, she is beneath contempt for the abuse and neglect to let him live like that. I'd have more respect for an agent or infiltrator whose motives might be something more than lazy, self serving, and manipulative. Alan fancied beautiful, young Nordic blondes with slender lithe bodies. That's not what I see now purporting to be a wife. I do not know you.

I was surprised by the naivety of those who I recognized as Alan's disciples, for lack of a better word, when I learned they had rallied around the false wife, who was now interposing her voice with Alan's. These were people who should have been aware of recruiting techniques, mirroring, and cults from Alan's exposure to Alan's talks. Alan was not a stupid man. If Alan had a partner, or anyone he was protecting or supporting, or even someone he had entrusted with his website, he would have left a handwritten will, and he would have left it sealed with a confidante, like Brian, particularly after his brush with death prior.

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Whether the Creature is an agent, an infiltrator, or just plain bad judgment on Alan's part I do not know. I see no insight reflection of my friend Alan's spirit in 'Not Sure' just a user and an exploiter who is perverting a great man's message, collecting names and cash. I do not know you.

The anonymous Richard has sent updates over the years and chided me for giving up the faith in the Saint of Lost Causes and hopeless situations. I've seen how Alan's aides and listeners having been duped, used and tail-chasing. Some people have discernment. Others don't. That's not my problem. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him think.

I do not follow or visit the Cutting Through the Matrix site. It's compromised. After over a decade of contributing to the 'Truth Movement' I see "The Future" to come as inevitable now. When Alan told me he was going to go back to composing music, his real joy, maybe he knew it too. He put up a good fight, but the war is over. The shots were deployed, the needle and the damage done. The sheep trust their shepherds, the herding dogs still bark, the judas goats lead them to slaughter. Nothing changes. I know what I know, and understand things as I can. The odd person here and there may escape the conditioning, but the system is perfected, and stragglers will be crushed. This is an age that could care less about martyrs. They're forgotten by the next news cycle or three TikTok clips later. Flushed down the Memory Hole. There will be no mass awakening. It's too late.

That's not controlled opposition talking. That's the reality of the situation. Nothing is going to stop this Juggernaut. Maybe an Asteroid from Space some day far down the road, when it's all leveled and the world starts over again, the Next Age.

As the song goes, "I've seen the Future, Brother, it is Murder..."

Live your one and only life as best you can, do what you know to be best, and enjoy the moments you have. If you have to follow a Sage, try the Ancient Seven from Greece. You could do worse.

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